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NOTES AND QUERIES

OJIBWA TALES FROM SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—The following tales were recorded as nearly as possible in the way in which they were told to me by members of the Johnston family of the Ojibwa.

1. *The Pine (Old Zhing-wauk)*.—A long time ago all the tribes went South ("Southing," as they call it) to have a council about giving up medicine-making. Word was sent to all to come, and all the "prophets" came. Some of the Indians thought medicine-making was wrong, and did not want it, but others did. It was their way of revenging themselves; and if any one was suspected of being able to do it, he was feared by all. If the parents of a young man asked the parents of a young girl for her in marriage, they did not dare refuse, for fear he would do some mischief to them. So a great many times a girl had to marry a man she did not want to marry, which was wrong. But it was their way: they knew no better.

At this council they were to destroy all poisonous, bad medicines, and keep good ones. A big fire was burning all the time, and the people threw the medicines into it. Some had big medicines round their necks, and some had small ones. They were all sorts of things, — feathers, bones, hair, and such things.

Those that did this had to go and bathe in the river every day; even little babies tied in cradles were bathed. No one was compelled to do it; but it was like baptism, — a change, — and all joined a band of those who did it.

One old man (Zhing-wauk) and his wife lived down near here when we were children. We were afraid of him, and I guess he was bad. He was lame, and his wife was blind; and I used to see them in their bark canoe, he guiding, and she paddling. The way he became lame was by making bad medicine, and it was this way: —

He wanted to do mischief to some one; so he put on the skin of a bear and went to the lodge where a number of people were, among them the person he wanted to have revenge on. These people who can "do" medicine can put everybody to sleep.

There was one who was not asleep in the lodge, and he saw the door open, and a bear come in, belching fire. He knew he was up to some mischief, and was very brave and seized the bear. Zhing-wauk begged to be let go, but this brave man would not let him. So they struggled, and finally got out of the lodge and fought outside.

The old fellow got away after a while, and was lame ever after. He became worse as time went on, had to use a cane, and then could not get along at all. He died, and was buried over on West Neebish, near the river Mush-ko-ga-zah-gung.

Once some French women (part Indian) came down berrying, and camped on the west shore. They did not know he was buried there. They went to sleep, and in the middle of the night were wakened by an awful noise. There are no wild animals to make a noise around there, and they were dreadfully frightened. So they just pulled up stakes and went away.

When the old woman heard of it, she said, "Why, that was my old man! It was to be expected that he would be walking around his grave."

She lived to be a hundred, I guess, and was taken care of by a half-breed woman. She was as jolly as could be, always cheerful and laughing, and yet all was dark to her, she could see nothing! Finally she died, but I do not think they took the trouble to bring her down and bury her near her old man. — Told by *Omiskobuhgoqua* (*Red-Leaf-Woman*).

2. *The White Swan*. — An Indian boy used to live on this island, and set his traps down on the farther shore, and paddle in his canoe past this very place every morning, on his way to look at his traps.

One day he was passing, and saw a beautiful young white girl standing in the rushes near a canoe. He wondered who she was, and heard she was the daughter of an Englishman who lived near there. Soon he began to see her every day, and they became acquainted. He passed so often, that they knew each other quite well soon, and fell in love. He called her "The White Swan" because she was so perfect. After a while they were planning to get married.

One day he went down the river, and looked for her where her canoe was fastened. She was not there, and he went on and visited his traps. While he was leaning over one of them, he heard a "Whoosh!" in the air above him, and he looked up and saw a white swan. It flew eastward, and he watched it.

When he came to his English girl's canoe, she was not there, and he felt very bad. Then he went to see the chief, and asked him what the white swan meant. You know the chiefs can tell what any unusual thing means, like a dream or strange happenings. So the old chief said, "You will never see your English girl again. She has gone away."

The young man found it was true. Her parents had been afraid she would think too much of the young Indian. Such a marriage would never do. So they had taken her back to England, and he never saw her again. He is living now, — a very old man, alone and sorrowful. — Told by *Muh-kuh-da Ga-kak* (*Black Hawk*).

3. *A Journey to the Land of the Soul*. — My gran'father live op on the big lake an' no one near. So when he got three chil'ren, he make op his min' that he have to go trading to Montreal. So my gran'mother, she pack op an' they go.

Long time it take — no big steamers then, no railroads, no — they go with canoe. Well, they live there, an' bomby come the small-pox. The chil'ren they have it, an' the mother she have it, an' she very sick. So pretty soon she die. They think she die.

Well, they fix her, dress her an' all, an' goin' to have the fun'ral nex' day. But my gran'father he feel so bad — so bad — he go look at her, an' he pass his han' over her, an' he fin' a warm place jus' over her heart. All the res' of her so col', col', jus' a corpse. An' he say, "She sha'n't be buried! She's not dead! Get the doctor!" Jus' so he said, "Get the doctor!"

So they got the doctor, an' he feel of her, an' he fin' the warm spot, an' he don' know. So they rub her an' rub her, an' try to put things in her mouth, but they can't open it. Well, this keep on for days an' weeks, an' so on. All the time they work over her, but can't wake her; she was jus' a corpse, only the warm place over her heart. They do all kinds of things, doctors an' everybody; an' my gran'father he say she was 'live.

But she didn't know they was after her. She didn't know anything that went on, jus' like a corpse. Bomby the warm spot grow a little larger an' a little larger, and spread all over her breas', very slow. So they work over her all the time. She was sick in the fall, an' she lie like that till spring.

One day she open her eyes an' see my gran'father, an' she say, "Give me some soup!" jus' like that. So they make some broth an' give her, an' she ate it an' began to grow better.

Well, the ol' man, he ask her an' ask her to tell where she had been, but she wouldn't tell. Long time she wouldn't tell, but bomby she tell my mother. Like this:—

I was walking down a road an' I saw a woman an' a little dog. She say to me, "Come 'long!" an' I didn't want to, but she get behin' me an' push me, an' I have to go. Well, we walk 'long an' walk 'long, an' bomby we saw something! When we come near, it was two chil'ren, — a little boy, an' baby in a cradle, strapped on a board, Indian fashion. The little boy was running 'long, an' the cradle was going 'long, jumping, — firs' one end, then the other end, like leaping. I wanted to stop an' speak to the little boy; but the woman she say, "Go on, go on!" So I had to go on.

Bomby I hear a noise like rapids, an' pretty soon we come to a great river with rapids, an' I wonder if we had to cross it. The woman say, "Come this way!" an' I saw a big tree fallen down, crossing the rapids, the roots up in the air, an' all. So we crossed over, an' I look back to see the chil'ren; but they were nowhere, an' there was a great snake with horns, like the Indians say is in the waters. That was what I thought was a tree.

Well, I wonder where the chil'ren were; but this woman she say, "Go on, go on!" an' I had to go on. Bomby I saw something in the distance: I don't know what it is, but it was big, big; an' when we come nearer, it was two great oxen. They stan' on the side of the road, — one on this side, one on that side, — so, an' they blow fire 'cross the road all the time. I was 'fraid to go pas'; but the woman she push me, an' say, "Go on! They won't touch us!" So we went pas' an' didn't burn. Well, I was pretty tired, an' so the woman she say, "We'll rest a while." So we sat down by the road an' rest. Then she say, "Come, we mus' go!" So we went on.

Then I saw something big by the road; an' when we come up, it was two tall men with axes raised over their heads, like they would strike us. But the woman say, "Come on! They won't hurt us, come on!" So we went on, an' bomby I hear dogs barking an' howling, — a lot of dogs, — but I can see nothing. An' I say, "What is that?" An' the woman she say, "That is the Village of Dogs. Come on, they won't hurt you."

So we went on; an' when we come to it, I hear dogs barking an' fighting an' howling all up an' down a long ways, but I see nothing an' we pass through the village. The little dog with us, he was scared an' run between us an' keep out of sight. Well, we pass through the village an' get 'way on the other side, an' never see nothing.

We went 'long an' went 'long, till bomby I heard singing an' the drum, an' saw a big light. Pretty soon we come to where we could see, an' it was a fire an' a whole pile of people dancing an' pushing each other, an' somebody beat the drum an' they sing. We try to get close 'nough to see who they are; but they wouldn't let us, jus' dance an' fly 'way, an' bomby they was over there.

I was pretty hungry, an' the woman say, "Come to your gran'mother's lodge! She will give us something." So we went to a lodge an' raise the curtain, an' there was an ol' woman sitting with her back to the door. We sat down at the other side the lodge, an' she not look 'roun' at all.

Bomby I say, "Grandmother, give me something to eat!" Then she take two wooden dishes like the Indians use, an' put in front of her on the ground, an' pull some bags from a pile of 'em, an' begin to unroll 'em. She took something out of one an' begin to cut it op, an' it look like dried meat. She fill one dish with the meat, an' take what look like tallow from one bag an' cut it op in the other dish. I saw her, an' thought, "Now I will have a good meal."

When the dishes were full, the ol' woman push them behin' her towards us, but didn't look 'round. I took a piece of the dried meat an' put it up to my mouth, when I saw it was jus' a piece of hemlock-bark. But the woman was eating it, an' I jus' put it down, an' the little dog ate it. Then I took a piece of tallow, an' it was bark too. So I put it down for the dog, an' he ate it. So we kep' on till the food was all gone, an' we put the dishes down by the ol' woman. She picked 'em up an' threw them into the corner, an' got up an' went out the lodge.

We went out too. When we got out, she was not there, she was gone. There were more fires an' people dancing, an' we went over to one of 'em an' try to see if we know anybody, but they wouldn't let us come near. They jus' sort of flew 'way an' was over there.

I went near, an' there was a woman with a cradle on her back, an' I know her. She was a woman I know, an' she saw me an' slip the strap that hol' the cradle on her head, down over her eyes, so I couldn't see her. Then she pull the cradle off an' throw it at me, an' say, "Take your baby!" jus' like that, an' I throw it back at her, an' say, "'Tain't my baby! Take it!" Then she dance, an' the res' all dance. When I come near, these people say in Indian, "'Tis a body not dead! It smell!"

Well, we went 'long, an' I look 'roun', an' the fires an' the people all gone. Then the woman an' the dog were gone, an' I was alone, — all alone. The road we had followed was there, an' I stan' an' look 'roun'.

Then I hear the ol' man's voice an' my chil'ren's. 'Twas the firs' time I had thought of them at all. My husban' he say, "Keep quiet, chil'ren! your mother's dead." Then I start to go to them, an' it was all thick, — thick before me, like hazel-bushes, an' I can't get through! So I try, an' I jus' stumble an' fall down. Then I can't move, an' jus' lie there.

Pretty soon I hear something coming, an' a man come on a horse an' stop. He say, "Why you lie there? Get op an' dress yourself an' come to church! It is Easter Sunday." He throw a bundle on me, an' I jus' lay there — I couldn't speak. So he rode on, an' bomby an ol' woman come an' say, "What is this? Why don't you get op?" She was a woman I used to know. I couldn't do anything, an' she went on.

Then I could see a little star shining, an' every day it got a little bigger an' a little bigger, an' I seem to see something awful ugly, some people. I couldn't speak. I could hear, all the rubbing I couldn't feel, no — couldn't tas'e the med'cines the doctors gave me.

When I was well 'nough to be propped up in the bed, a little girl was sitting by me. I said, "Call the ol' man!" So she call him, an' I said,

"Go get me one of those!" He said, "Why those are crows! what you want with a crow?" I said, "Never mind. Get your gun an' get me one!" So he did, an' I tol' my daughter to take clear water an' put the crow to boil. So she fix it, an' it was boiling. Bomby I tol' the little girl get a cup an' dip out some broth, an' bring to me. I drank it an' pretty soon I tol' her bring me 'nother cup of broth, an' I drank that. An' then I got my tas'e back 'gain.

Well, when I woke op, kind of, this was spring, an' I had been 'way, over there, since fall. I didn't know they was after me or anything they had done. After that I got better an' better, an' I got well. — Told by *Monahdis* (*The-Homely-One*), an old woman.

4. *Moses Greenbird's Dream*. — I remember old Moses Greenbird (Ozhawashkoobenaince), who used to tell me about his dreams. The young men would fast, and then dreams would come, and the animal or person they saw was the one to help them all their lives. So Moses Greenbird dreamed about a white horse. He was brought up in the Mission, and joined the army when the white folks had war. When he was ready to enlist, he went to his grandfather, and said, "I'm going to war."

"No, don't go! You will never come back."

But he went, and said he must have a white horse. They were so glad to have an Indian soldier, they let him have the horse; and he went all through the war, and was not hurt.

Way back in the ol' days there was an awful bad Indian, the worst Indian that ever lived. If any one made him mad, he might as well give up, he was a goner. Well, this Indian would build a little lodge, — take four poles an' put 'em together, an' put others roun' to make the lodge, then he'd put a canvas roun' it. They'd have sails, you know, something like that.

Well, he'd go in there an' stay a while, an' bomby those who helped him would come, — spirits or something. When he was young man, he dreamed, you know, an' those he dreamed 'bout always helped him in his medicine. When people were sick, they'd send for him, an' he'd visit them an' sometimes he'd cure them.

No one could conquer him. They'd tie him op, all roun', every which way, with cord, an' he'd get loose. John Washkie told me this.

Once somebody make a bet. Some white folks an' French people an' others, they make a big bet. Some say he couldn't get loose when they tie him, an' some say he could. So they tol' him. He had come down from the big lake, an' was camped at the head, you know. When they tell him, he laugh, an' say, "All right!" Like that, "All right!"

So they tell him to build his lodge an' they'd tie him. He built it, put canvas roun' it, an' fasten one, two horse-bells up at the top. The poles don't come together at the top, you know, jus' a hole.

Well, one night they all come op. They never do their jugglings in day-time, always in the evening, at night. Well, a pile o' folks come an' stan' roun' to see! They put a log under his knees an' tie an' tie, so his legs are bent roun' it; then they put a big stone on top his knees an' tie him to that, so he's like a ball. Then one o' them bring a net an' double it, an' they roll him op in it an' tie an' tie.

Well, bomby he's all tied so he's jus' like a ball, an' they roll him into his

little lodge an' shut the place an' leave him. Then some Indians sit down right 'roun' an' smoke their pipes. They have to smoke whilst this is going on.

Well, these fellows, they smoke, an' the res' stan' roun' an' wait. Then he begin to sing — I don' know how long, but he sing. Pretty soon the bells ring, an' that's the spirits or whoever 'tis helps him, going into the lodge at the top. Bomby the net an' the log an' the rope an' the stone, they all shove out under from the lodge! Not a knot ontied, — all put out together!

Well, John Washkie, he say to me, "What you think of that?" I say, "The Devil helped him!" jus' like that.

I believe in spirits — yes, but I think we shouldn't bother with them — no! Our spirits live where God wants them to, an' our bodies — they go to nothing. But we haven't any business with people's spirits, we must let them 'lone, yes. — Told by *Monahdis' Daughter*.

JULIA KNIGHT.

OMAHA, NEB.

COUNCIL MEETING OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — A meeting of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held, in conjunction with the Council of the American Anthropological Association, on March 29, 1913, at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, 11 A.M. Present: Professor Alexander F. Chamberlain, *Chairman*, Professor Franz Boas, Dr. P. L. Goddard, Dr. R. H. Lowie, Dr. C. Peabody, Professor A. M. Tozzer, Dr. Clark Wissler.

A motion of Dr. Charles Peabody, amended by Dr. Wissler, was carried, to the effect that the next regular meeting be held in New York, Dec. 29-31, 1913, in conjunction with the American Anthropological Association.

It was voted by the Council of the Folk-Lore Society to continue with the American Anthropological Association the publication of "Current Anthropological Literature" until eight numbers should have been issued, and to express to the Association the opinion that the Folk-Lore Society could hardly promise to continue the agreement after that time.

Dr. Peabody was appointed a committee of one with power to act in the matter of passing on the suggestion of accepting the terms offered by Messrs. G. E. Stechert and Co. of New York for taking over the sale of the Journals and Memoirs and of attending to subscriptions other than those of members of the Society.

The organization of a Kentucky Branch was announced.